portrait to another.

Dramatic Death from Heart Disease-Pionee Fatally Hurt-Coincidence in the Demise of Big Men-A Smart Colored Brother.

INDIANA.

The Republican Wins the First Bout in the Shrievalty Contest in Decatur County.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal, GRIZENSBURG, Dec. 26.—The English-Dickey contest for the office of sheriff came to an end to-day so far as the Commissioner's Court is concerned, by the sustaining of Mr. Dickey's motion to discontinue the cause, because the trial was not actually begun within twenty days after the filing of the notice of contest, which was on the 4th day of December. An appeal to the Circuit Court was granted, where the matter will be heard in the February term. In the meantime Mr. Dickey, the present Republican incumbent, who was, on the face of the returns, re-elected by three plurality, will continue to discharge the duties of

Fatal Accident to an Aged Man.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. GREENWOOD, Dec. 26 .- John Brewer, almost centenarian and one of the first settlers in this part of the State, fell and broke his leg yesterday, from the effects of which he is expected to die. Mr. Brewer assisted in founding the Pres byterian Church here . sixty-seven years ago, and has, since that time, been a faithful officer and devout worshipper. He is well known in the Presbyterian Church and as an old settler.

Candidate for Speaker of the House. FORT WAYNE, Dec. 26 .- Judge S. M. Hench has announced that he will be a candidate for Speaker of the General Assembly, which meets Jan. 8. The Judge is well known throughout the State and will have a large following. He was prosecuting attorney of the Criminal Court, judge of the Criminal Court for seven years, and judge of the Superior Court, to succeed the late Judge Worden. He served in the army and stands high among

Capturing a Gas Monster. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

HARTFORD CITY, Dec. 26 .- The noise made by escaping gas from the Hartford City Glass Company's big well is plainly heard in this city. distant six miles. The partial success to-day in anelfering the fifty-million monster gives the company hope that the work will be successful to-morrow. The struggle to confine the gas has lasted four days so far.

Surgical Operation on an Elephant, Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

PERU, Dec. 26 .- A unique, delicate and proba bly one of the most interesting cases of veteripary surgery was performed in the removal of a six-pound tumor from the neck of Pilot, the monster elephant of Wallace & Co.'s circus, at their farm, near this city, to-day. The animal was tractable, notwithstanding the severe opera-

Fell Dead with His Child in His Arms. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

WINDFALL, Dec. 26 .- Harry Vance, a man about twenty-four years of age, having a wife and one child, fell dead with his child in his arms at the house of his brother-in-law, John Jarret, three miles west of this place. He had had attacks of heart trouble heretofore, but was apparently well at the time he was stricken down.

Charles Bauer, proprietor of the Terre Haute House, was seriously injured in a runaway. Otis Hughes, of English, while drunk, fell off a bridge seventy-five feet and was practically

The City House and Holland Fiotel were de-troyed by fire at Milltown, Crawford county. George H. Hopkins, of Clay township, Carroll county, swallowed arsenic for quinine and is not

The present electric-light company at Crawfordsville will sell the plant to the city upon Wesley Cox's residence, south of Anderson, was estroyed by fire, due to an overheated flue.

Loss, \$2,000, with \$200 insurance. The capital stock of the new pottery company at Crawfordsville will be \$100,000, and as soon as one-fifth of this is subscribed work will be commenced upon the necessary buildings.

The Nolan brothers, charged with the killing of Michael O'Brien at Loogooice on the eve of the 24th, were, on Thursday, bound over in the sum of \$2,000 each to await the action of the grand jury.

Suit was filed yesterday in the Spencer County Circuit Court by Fred Hitner, jr., against C. W. Brenner and James Fegan for \$5,000 damages for false imprisonment. Brenner is city marshal of Rockport, and arrested Hitner on the 11th inst. for disorderly conduct.

A rather tall story comes from Anderson to the effect that George Simpson went to sleep in his buggy and was struck by a train. The buggy was smashed to kindling, but when the train was stopped Simpson was found curled up in the buggy top on the pilot, sound asleep.

Buck Forly, who was arrested by the police at Indianapolis on Tuesday, had a preliminary examination before the Mayor of Noblesville on the charge of burglary and was held to ball in the sum of \$1,000, in default of which he went to jail. The stolen pocket-knives were identified as the property of George E. Springer, a hardware merchant of that city.

ILLINOIS.

Deaths of Big Men at Marshall Call for Enlarged Hearses.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. MARSHALL, Dec. 26 .- The body of Charles Kellar, aged twenty, arrived here to-day for burial, he having met his death from having an arm torn off in a Peoria dishaving an arm torn off in a Peoria dis-tillery. The coffin and box were too large with the style of the day, such articles to go in the hearse, the body weighing are to be labelled, and put away in the spato go in the hearse, the body weighing nearly four hundred pounds.

An eighteen-year-old son of David Reynolds died last night. He weighed more than four hundred pounds, and a coffin had to be made especially for the body. The hearse would not nearly hold the coffin, which is six feet four, by two feet six by two feet.

Turning Race Prejudice to Advantage. AURORA, Dec. 26 .- Tom Cooper, a respectable colored citizen of Aurora, owned a little market garden and house adjoining the city. A few weeks ago some of the boomers desired to plat the land in that vicinity and objecting to a colored population gave \$8,000 for Mr. Cooper's property. He then bought a house and lot on Pennsylvania avenue, whereupon his aristocratic neighbors immediately clubbed together and bought him out, giving a handsome profit. The enterprising colored man has since bought his

old house and four lots of the plotted property, and will realize handsomely on the venture. Killed in a Runaway. Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

DANVILLE, Dec. 26,-John Fowler, a farmer living in the northwest part of this county, was thrown from his cart while riding home and killed.

W. H. Winters, of Mattoon, was found dead : bed at Grand Junction, Col., Thursday. Congressman J. G. Cannon arrived in Danville Thursday night. He will remain there a few ays before returning to Washington.

A young man named Morrison was accidentally shot by John Bland, near Occure, Ill., Wednesday night. The wound is not a fatal one. John H. Coberly was arrested at Mount Vernon on a charge of having taken \$500 from the safe of R. L. Strattan, hardware dealer, some

Stephen Henderson, an old citizen of Mattoon who was on the streets in his usual health Thursday, died suddenly at his home that night

Senater Robert H. Wiles is lying sick at his home in Freeport. It is feared that he may not be able to attend the opening of the session of Dr. James Gilfillan died at Kirkwood yesterday morning. He was widely known as the In-

tian Doctor, and had patients of note in many of While W. H. Griffith was impersonating Jack Frost at an entertainment at Carthage, Christ- tated by a sincere desire to appoint a man | For experiment Dr. Kinget looked the mas day, his costume caught fire from a taper | who would worthily fill Justice Miller's other way, and she said, in a whining and he was scriosly burned.

A new and strange disease has appeared among the hogs in Platt county, which is different from any of the various maladies that have prevailed, and baffles all known remedies. J. C. Booker has lost 106 head of hogs by this new

Work for 1,000 Girls. NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 26.—Notice has been posted on the gate of the Clark thread-mills that work will be resumed on twisted mills Monday. This will give temporary work to about one Thousand girls for two or three weeks until the Supply of cotton on hand gives out. This does and digestible dish.

not affect the condition of the striking spinners or the locked-out corders or framers. The girls will probably accept the work. Generous con-

BILL NYE REJOICES.

by the Prolific Mr. Duvall,

What we are coming to as a nation, when the tireless brains and generous hearts of

"A dear little one, with glad smile and

cherubic form, has been given us by God.

says Mr. Wm. Duvall, the versatile parent

ful man for whom we have taken the liberty

of naming him. I assure you that you need

check in aid of the Upward Squirt Hose

Company, of our place, tickets for whose

"Little William will be baptized on Sun-day next, and we would be glad to know

that we have not hurt your feelings or

wounded your pride by naming the child

indorsed both by my wife and myself."
Oh, how glad I am that I take the news

papers, and that for once my little name-

sakes all over the land will not be called

scription is renewed as soon as it expires?

I have not been a mascot, or at least my name has not been to those who have used

it, and I have done everything I could to discourage its indiscriminate use.

A beautiful ashes of roses bull, with a

pleasing contralto voice and cute little

pedigree covering two pages in the Amer-

ican Stud Book, was christened after

me in Illinois, two years ago, and in less

than two weeks his tail had been crushed

in a barn-door and rudely torn out by the

A wabbly Percheron colt in Iowa, of a

bright and cheerful disposition, but socially

quite de trop, was named William Nye, and the following day wasfound in a culvert of

the Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad with

his withers freshly wrung and his mechan-

had never had his nose blown before by

I have, in the past two weeks, bought

tickets for the concert of the Soiled Nosed

Children's Aid Society, the Hook Bill Old Ladies' Patchwork Quilt Association, the

You Know Reformatory Distribution for

Elderly Girls, the Little Toughs' Christian Endeavor Society, the Reformed Choir Singers' Vocal Society, the Disabled and Ruptured Parents of Foreign Missionaries,

the Society for the Prevention of Healthful

Enjoyment, the Get There Eli Messenger

Boys' Relief Association, the Pastors' Gift

Exchange, the Little Pee-wee Do Good So-

ciety, and I was just going to buy \$10 worth

of tickets for the Upward Squirt Hose Com-

pany and hand over my effulgent name to

Mr. Duvail when I read your valuable

God bless you, sir, for the good you are

doing. I will agree to be one of a fearless

gang of 250 men to go and pull Mr. Duvall out of bed, and, with the aid and concur-

kick him immoderately all over his native

I hope you will go on in your good work,

the doctor on the night that little Bill Nye

Duvall was born. I believed it. I believe

everything. Now it turns out that Duvall

A plague upon such people, I say. Darn them!

REFORMS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

What Mrs. Harrison Is Doing to Preserve

Historic Furniture and Relics.

The disappearance of nearly all the mas-

sive old rosewood and mahogany furniture from the White House, and the vanishing

of nearly every piece with a history dating back more than thirty years, were a disap-pointment to Mrs. Harrison when she

came to the mansion. "Why, where is all the old furniture?" Mrs. Har-

riet Lane Johnston asked, when

shown through the private rooms

a year since. There has been poor house-

keeping at times, and a stupid indifference

to the value and interest attaching to any-

thing which has held a place in the home

of the Presidents since the century began. Sevres dinner sets have been given by the French government and bought by our gov-

ernment in administrations long gone by,

curving legs and heart-shaped backs, that

dated forty years away, were sold at auction, and cheap and commonplace mod-

ern chairs substituted. Mrs. Harrison

found seven of the old rosewood chairs in the cellar, and, repaired and upholstered in rich brocade, they now

ornament the library. It is her wish to establish a garde meuble after the French or-

der. A list has been made by her of every

piece of furniture and tableware now in

the mansion, with the name of its purchaser, its cost and subsequent his-

ory as far as can be known. When un-

cious garret. In time they may return to

fashion and use, or in longer time become

curious and interesting relies of by-gone

times. No cheap and trifling things should

be bought for the mansion, and Presidents'

families should be responsible for the keeping, and not allowed to disperse the relies

To illustrate the spirit in which the con-tents of the mansion have been regarded at

times, one mistress of the White House had

some pieces of old mahogany condemned and sent to auction. At the sale they were

bid in for her, and are now valued orna-

ments in an ex-presidential home. While not dishonest, since the government re-

ceived all that the articles could

bring at public sale, the trans-

chance to draw some fine conclusions as to

the commoner official ideas of honor in deal-

ing with the government. Bric-a-brac-

dealers have had many fine pieces of furni-ture and porcelain from the White House

pass through their hands, and city caterers

have even owned parts of dinner services, and gradually broken them up in the course

of many dinner seasons. With the present appreciation of relics and old wares, any

piece from the White House would be con-

sidered a trophy to be hung on the wall. Mrs. Harrison said

on entering the White House that she should make it her duty for the four

years to leave it a more comfortable place

for her successor. If her successors keep up the garde meuble idea, White House furni-

ture and White House plates will not be

again. Only a few years ago part of the white and gold Sevres set, used by Wash-

ington, brought here when the capital was

moved to Washington, was sold by a Ninth-

street dealer in antique furniture. Its only rightful place is behind glass panels in the

Judge Brown's Appointment.

Judge Brown is well known to the legal

profession, and the dispatches state that

his future associates were consulted about

his appointment, and all commended him as a man well qualified for the position. It is an appointment which does honor to the

Democratic Victory Slighted.

In his speech before the Tariff-reform Club Grover Cleveland made no allusion to the triumph of Tamamny and the crush-ing defeat of those who combined for hon-est government in New York.

state dining-room.

Buffalo Commercial.

procurable at the curio stores of the city

affords the moralist a

in their charge.

BILL NYE.

never broke his leg or had a son.

newspaper this morning.

scientific means.

ball I inclose

To the Editor of the New York World:

MARY WHITE'S QUEER CASE

A Young Woman Who Sees, Hears, Feels and Tastes through Others Only. How He Came Near Unto Being Victimized

She Is Blind, Deaf and Paralyzed, but Sees How can I thank you enough for your ex-Pictures Others Admire, Enjoys What They posure in this morning's issue? I had just prepared a touching letter and was going to send \$10 and a bolt of shrinkless red fiannel to little William Nye Duvall, when I picked up the paper which contained an exposay of the low, coarse cuss. Eat and Repeats What They Read.

New York World.

A strange case of a young woman who, though blind, can see with the eyes of othour ablest statesmen, jurists and littera-teurs are to be rudely shocked and jostled by the unfeeling hand of the felon? ers, feel cold when her friends are cold, or warm when they are warm, hear through their ears and taste with their palates, is now under investigation by a committee in in his letter to me. "He already shows this city. The committee consists of M. C. some little signs of resembling the wonder-Gallup, G. H. Moffet and Albert Poppers, and, in conjunction with Dr. T. R. Kinget, the three are working to authenticate all never regret that your honored name has been given to this darling child or your the details of the woman's strange history and weave them into a paper to be read before an anthropological and psychological club in which they are all interested. For very good reasons the name and address of the woman in question are not made public. Her family dreads the publicity that the for one whose name has ever been on our lips, whose every sentiment is most heartily recital of her case, with her real identity disclosed, would bring about, but she lives in Jersey City and has, for years, been a patient of Dr. Kinget, who lives at No. 158 Dennis. Will you please see that my sub-East Eighty-fourth street.

The committee was appointed subsequent to the reading of a paper by Dr. Kinget himself on Saturday evening at the house of Isaac Ulman, No. 9 St. Mark's place. The subject of his essay was Miss Mary White-the name is, of course, fictitious-and the tale that the Doctor tells of his wonderful patient is, indeed, a

remarkable one. Miss White came to Dr. Kinget's notice eighteen years ago. Since that time she has been under his charge. He has observed her closely and studied her case minutely. He had been the regular physician of Miss White's family for a number of years before he was called in to attend the young girl. He knows all the members of the family well, and he vouches for the particulars of the following strange story. in 1872, when he first attended

she was suffering from a bad fever brought A cigar named for me two years ago blew up and blew off the nose of a man who on as the result of breaking through the ice while skating on Thanksgiving day of that year. Before this time she had always been in robust health, but the shock and the chill attendant on the disaster had shattered her system severely. The fever soon acquired a typhoid character, complicated with other disorders. Everything possible was done to insure her recovery, but with no success. She became a chronic invalid, and she has ever since been confined to her It was not until almost four years ago,

however, that the strange manifestations of her disease were first observed. For ten years she passed her time quietly in bed reading and studying. Seven years ago her lower limbs became partially paralyzed. Six years ago she was stricken blind. Her naturally sunny disposition became gloomy under her afflictions, and whereas she was formerly bright and lively she became seem-ingly stupid. She responded to conversa-tion only when it was loud and emphatic. She was daily growing weaker and her life was despaired of, when one day, to the surrence of the Senate of the United States, | prise of every one, she suddenly rallied and all at once took the greatest interest in everything about her. She was blind and partially paralyzed, and, what was natural, her other senses became proportionately exposing shams and such things which come under your eye. Your newspaper should be in every house. Mr. Duvall wrote me that he had broken his leg running for keeener. But what was not natural was that she had developed the weird faculty of see-ing with the eyes of others, though she could not see with her own. And a strange development of her other senses followed. HER MARVELOUS SECOND SIGHT.

The first manifestations of her abnormal powers was observed Jan. 8, 1887. She had been left alone the greater part of the morning, when the brother of a very near friend opened the door of her room.

"Oh, Hiram!" she cried out, before a word had been spoken. "I know Mary's back pains her awfully; but you don't think she will die, do you?" The day before a friend, Mary Cutting by name, who lived some distance in the country, had been thrown from her horse and had suffered intensely in her back. The brother came to tell of the accident and soften its severity. But she had anticipated him. She could not possibly have learned of the accident in any ordinary way.

During the following week her younger Sister sat a few feet from the bed reading George Eliot's "Middlemarch." The invalid girl could see only the back of the book, and did not know the page at which it was opened. Suddenly she began to read verbatim the words as seen by her sister. The phenomenon was reported to Dr. but not a piece of table porcelain now in the mansion has an authentic history antedating President Lincoln's day. When a service became incomplete, or the mistress or steward considered it out of fashion, it was condemned, sold at auction and the proceeds used to buy new ware. No later than the last administration the solid rose-Kinget, who was at first skeptical. He called the next day, opened a small medical pamphlet some distance from the patient, and asked her to tell him something of it, if possible. She was unable even to tell him the nature of the work. His doubts were confirmed. The following week, however, he picked up the volume that had before produced such remarkable results and opened it at random No sooner had his eyes rested upon the first line than the girl began to read the exact words that he saw before him. He looked at her in amazement. She was lying with her face towards the wall and her eyes were closed as if in sleep. But the moment he looked at her she ceased speaking. He glanced at the page again, and again she pronounced the words just as he saw them, "as if she were literally seeing through my eyes," are the doctor's own words. She read nearly a page in this way. Then he closed the novel and opened the pamphlet that had been unable to call forth her power upon the previous occasion. He asked her to read the book then as she had done with "Middlemarch." She said she could see nothing then, though she saw plainly before. He closed the pamph-let and again opened "Middlemarch," and she pronounced the words as his eyes perused them, exactly as if his eyes were

He closed the book and watched her closely for more than an hour, conversing with her casually. She grew sleepy, and he left, after giving special instructions to have her every action and word carefully

She was very weak the following day and seemed oppressed a by feeling that she had overdone. About a month later the doctor was sitting by her side for the first time in two weeks. She was lying very still, apparently asleep, and he feared to disturb her. Glancing about the room, his eyes fell upon a very odd painting of a little girl eating a large slice of bread and molasses. The child's face was literally plastered over with dirt. It impressed the doctor's mind curiously, and it was evidently the work of some genius. No sooner was his attention riveted upon the curiosity than the young woman asked, in her sweetest tone of voice:

"Don't you think I was pretty when I was a little giri?" He inquired why she asked that question at that moment. She said that he was now looking at her likeness painted about a year before he became acquainted with the family. Her mother, she said, had taken a deep interest in a young tramp. She had clothed him and given him work to do about the house and tried to reform him. He continued to drink, however, and spent much of his time away. At last the patience of the good woman reached its limit, and she told him he must shift for himself. He said he deserved it, but the same afternoon he brought in the painting of the little girl, which he had produced in secret. As soon as he delivered the picture to the mother he said that he was worthless, thanked her for her kindness and disappeared. The likeness was very natural, but the gir! had not appreciated its beauty. It was stored away and not framed until placed above her bed at her request a few days before. as a man well qualified for the position. It is an appointment which does honor to the President, for it was unquestionably diccolor, and a state of the picture steadily." she said; "it does me good. I never appreciated it before," she went on.

> tone: "Will you not even do me that little TESTING HER STRANGE GIFT. He asked how she could tell whether he was looking at the picture or not. She answered that when he looked at it she could see it as plainly as he. "Now, you are looking at the feet-now you are studying the large piece of bread and molasses," she made

Her thoughts seemed surely to follow his

doctor's own, were the means of carrying visual sensations to two distinct centers of

thought at the same time. As he looked about the room the girl continued to name and describe the various objects he was looking at. She appeared as happy as if she had regained her sight. "I can see everything as distinctly," she explained, "as when my own eyes were

During the evening, however, she became so weak that for an hour she had no perceptible pulse, and only a practiced ear could discern any pulmonery action. For several days she was melancholy and ate but sparingly. Everything was now done to discourage this abnormal manifestation, and whenever she began to get in such close sympathy with any one, the use of whose senses she could appropriate, she was left alone. She improved steadily, occasionally describing what others saw, but remaining as negative to this influence as

The day preceding Christmas, 1889, the whole house was aglow in preparation for a Christmas tree. Towards evening the younger sister went to the bedside of the invalid and started to tell her something of the anticipated Christmas party. The in-valid interrupted her by beginning to repeat exactly a conversation held in another part of the house about her own presents. sesides imitating the affectionate tone of voice used by her mother in pronouncing her name, she repeated over the list of presents mentioned and the conjectures made by both as to how each article would please her. She said that she heard every word as well as if the conversation had gone on by

For weeks following this her name could not be mentioned in the house nor a word spoken about her but she would repeat them when the speaker appeared. Soon after this came the remarkable phenomenon of vicarious taste.

One day her mother sat in her room eating a bowl of chicken broth. "Mamma," she broke out, "that broth is too salty. Empty half of it out and then fill it again with fresh broth and I will enjoy it more. You know I never enjoyed anything that

was salt.' The mother replied that she knew it was quite salty, but asked her how she could tell. She answered that she could taste it as though she were eating it herself. She enjoyed it through her mother and felt hungry for her to eat more.

When Dr. Kinget next visited her he ate piece of pie in her room an his sensations perfectly. And she said weirdly that she did not enjoy cold pie. At first she was able to appropriate the use of but one sense at a time. She could see through another's eyes; she could hear with another's ears, and she could taste food as it passed another's palate. But as time passed by she also gained the power to see, hear, feel and taste vicariously all at

Two weeks ago the doctor visited his patient, in company with a fellow-physician. He opened book after book, all of which she had read at some time during her life. As he read in silence she repeated the words aloud. With the books and newspapers that she had never before seen, for some unexplained reason, she was unable to follow him. This is the one circumstance in opposition to the hypothesis which classifies her powers as simple vicarious perception. The doctor's friend gave him some pills, which he placed in his mouth.

The girl said: "They are nice and sweet." He began to chew them and she ex-"Spit them out! Oh, how bitter!" He took a drink of water and she said: "That

is nice and cool; it does me good." One doctor pinched the other's ear. The girl said: "Let go of the ear; it hurts me." Then one pulled the other's hair and she immediately cried out: "Don't, don't! it will bring on one of my headaches. Why do you cause me pain for mere curiosity?" They then walked into the next room and one doctor whispered several observations to the other so low that no one could have heard a word ten feet distant. They walked

back to the room and she repeated the

words that had been whispered. "The case is one that cannot be explained by hoynotism nor by any of the general laws heretofore given to the public," explains Dr. Kinget. "It is not clairvoyance, because the patient cannot perceive objects except through the instrumentality of the senses of some other person. It can-not be hypnotism, as the girl never goes to sleep nor loses consciousness, and is never under another's centrol. It cannot be simple transference of the impressions of the senses, because the fact that she cannot read strange books by the eye of another would destroy this explanation. This poor blind and partially deaf invalid, without the perfect use of a single one of her natural faculties, presents a case that science at present cannot interpret."

STOKERS ON THE FAST SHIPS. Something About the Men Who Feed Coal to the Ocean Racers.

The lot of the fireman aboard a modern racing steamship, compared with that of the grimy toiler in the lurid, unventilated stoke-hole of the old-time craft, has a mild suggestion of luxury about it. But even at its best a stoker's life is not likely to arouse in the soul of the lowliest laborer ashore feelings of unmitigated envy. His hopes are circumscribed by the stoke-hole. He has no horizon whereon he may paint dream-pictures of a better future. He may not aspire to anything beyond the kindred occupation of a leading stoker. The engine-room is forever closed to him. It is once a fireman, always a fireman. The limitations of his life-devoid of domestic influences-have, doubtless, helped to bru-

talize him. A man without a vista is not likely to have a high standard of morality. Few in authority on shipboard had a good word to say for the stoker of the past, who spent his leisure ashore in drinking fusel oil and brawling. It is not exactly so now. One British shipper has even declared that the stoker is a gentleman compared with the cattleman. This is not highly complimentary to the stoker, but it tends to show that he is not the most degraded of the toilers of civilization. Since the architects of the great twin-screw ships recognize the fireman's existence, and made a fire-room in which an ordinary man may live for a time, the fireman has improved somewhat. In dispelling the gloom of the fire-room the ship-builder shed some light into the soul of the fireman. In an atmosphere made breathable by huge ventilating fansand cheerful by electric lights, when the furnace doors are closed the fireman can do more work with less fatigue than formerly. Of course, it wasn't pure philanthropy that gave him ventilation. The big fans, making four hundred revolutions a minute, were made primarily to force air into the furnaces and burn the coal, so the throbbing engines might do all the work that their ambitious designers expected of them. The cultivation of the spirit of brotherhood through the Firemen's Union has also done much toward making a better man of the stoker. All the big steamship companies now practically recognize the union, and on all ships of the twin-screw fleet only union men are employed. Fightng the union-whose men are natural fighters—has proven expensive to the steamships, which not infrequently have lost two days on a trip because green men were before the furnaces. On the steamship City of Paris there are sixty firemen, who feed the fiery maws of

tifty-four furnaces, that create steam in nine steel boilers. Fifty coal-passers shovel the fuel from the bunkers to the furnace doors, and the firemen toss it in. There is something more than mere shoveling in firing. The stoker must know how to put the coals on so they will not burn too quickly or deaden the fire. He must know how to stir or poke the fire so as to get all, or nearly all, the caloric out of the coal. He must know how to obtain the best results from the Welsh coal he burns on the voyage to this port and the American coal he uses on the trip eastward. Each kind requires different handling. Often the re-sult of a race eastward has been determined by the superior knowledge of the handling of American coal possessed by the winning ship's stokers. To a man who thoroughly understands it, firing is easier than it used to be. But it is, nevertheless, so arduous that the veterans are not over forty-five years old. Nearly all the stokers on the City of Paris and the City of New York are between twenty and thirty years of age. They receive \$20 a month and their board. The leading stoker gets a few dollars more and does not have to work quite so hard. He is usually the eldest of the crew he directs. The coal-passer, the limit of whose ambition is to become a fireman, gets \$17.50 a month. The leading coal-passer, or trimmer, gets a little more than this.

Service in the fire-room is divided into six

watches of four hours each. The fireman works and sleeps every alternate four hours. After the first day from port two eyes as she mentioned the fact each time | out of every six furnaces are raked out to

his attention passed from one detail of the the bare bars during the first hour of each watch. Thus, in a voyage, all the furnaces are cleaned once in every twenty-four hours. The steam goes down a bit in the The fact was clear beyond a doubt that a single pair of optic nerves, and those the hour while the cleaning is going on. The perspiring stokers shovel into the furnaces fifteen tons of coal every hour, or 340 tons a day. The ship usually takes in 3,000 tons at Liverpool, and has between five hundred and eight hundred tons left in her

bunkers when she arrives here The engineer's department is entirely distinct and separate from the firemen's. On the City of Paris there are twenty-six engineers, including hydraulic and electrical. They are educated in engine-shops on shore and a certain number of them go on ships every year. They are all machinists, so whenever the ship breaks down they know how to repair the damage. In case the chief engineer should be disabled any assistant could take his place.

TRIALS OF A PREACHER. Incidents in the Life of a Methodist Minister

at a Poor Appointment, New York Herald.

One of the clergymen in the New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church tells this story about himself: "When I was the pastor of a small church in Delaware county, this State, I had a hard time in trying to keep soul and body to-gether. My labors were ardnous, and the salary only \$400 a year, and if we had not received various donations of provisions from parishioners almost equally poor as ourselves, we would in all probability have

starved to death. "It was what is known as a backwoods appointment,' being eighteen miles from a railroad, and located in a valley created by thickly-wooded hills. To give you an idea of our reduced circumstances I am compelled to say that there was but one white shirt in the house, and that was shared in common by my eldest son and myself. When he wore it I went into the pulpit without one, and made up for the deficiency the best I could.

One Sunday we had the presiding elder of the district with us. He had come the previous night. Early in the morning he was disturbed by this shrill question from

'Father, father, who wears the shirt today; you or me?"
"Well, I was in doubt who was entitled to encase himself in that useful garment on that occasion, but in a spirit of selfsacrifice I shouted from the confines of my room, 'I think it's your turn, my boy.'

"I thought no more about the matter until after breakfast and family prayers were over; then the elder took me aside and asked if there was only one white shirt in the house. Of course, it was an embarrassing question, and I tried to evade making a reply, but he was persistent and I finally was forced to admit the truth. Tears welled up in the elder's eyes, and he offered to part with some of his meager hoard of money, but I assured him that I did not need it, and, as I refused absolutely to accept a cent, he did not press the matter further.

"Still, although the elder was a kindhearted man and receiving but little more salary than myself, yet he loved to indulge in practical jokes. On another occasion he accepted an invitation to dine with us and my wife, who always seemed to stand in awe of the big, dignified elder, made an extra effort to prepare a tempting repast. Oysters were scarce and very high in that section, and consequently a luxury, but my wife concluded that for once we should have oysters.

"Well, thanks to recent wedding fees, she was able to buy them. Then she exercised all her ingenuity to place them on the table in every conceivable form that would please the eye and gratify the taste. "Well, when we sat down to the table we saw oysters stewed, oysters fried, oysters roasted and oysters on the shell. It was literally a wilderness of oysters.

"Outside of oysters there was, in fact, but little to eat except bread, butter, apple sauce, and, I believe, some sage cheese. Still the little woman sat with a beaming countenance, eagerly anticipating the elder's delight at the unexpected treat.

"After a blessing had been invoked I, as a matter of form, turned to our guest and

"Elder, will you permit me to help you to some of the oysters?' "The elder's face assumed a severe ex-pression as he slowly and deliberately re-" Well, Dominie, I hate to say it, but the

truth of the matter is I very seldom eat "I glanced at my wife. Her face was almost a crimson hue, and tears were starting from her eyes. I think I felt just a trifle savage, but I betrayed no sign.

"After a few seconds of the most painful embarrassment I ever experienced the elder

broke the silence by saying with unruffled " You see, Dominio, I very seldom est oysters, because I very seldom get them.' and he burst into a tremendous roar of laughter that almost made the dishes rat-

"Of course he did ample justice to the dinner, which at the best was frugal enough, but I den't think that my wife ever quite forgave him for those painful moments of suspense."

A Railroad Magnates Mottoes.

Ex-President Adams's private car has been sent to Omaha for the use of the new Union Pacific president, Sidney Dillon. Several years ago Mr. Adams artist to paint some mottoes over the transoms, and he did a very nice job. Thereafter, when a caller entered the car to see the venerable railroad magnate, the first thing that met his eye upon entering was the sentiment, in bold lettering:

GOD HATES A LIAR.

Having transacted his business with Mr. Adams the visitor, upon making his departure, was greeted by another sentiment over the door reading as follows:

TRUTH IS MIGHTY-THEN WHY LIE?

These mottoes remained until a few months ago, when Mr. Adams, for some occult reason, had them erased. The same rigid bedstead that Mr. Dillon used when he was formerly at the head of the Union Pacific and occupied the car, 18 in the car, and he will feel like one returning to his old home, after an absence of several years, very few changes in the interior furnishing having been made by President Adams.

Lied by Implication.

Grover Cleveland, at the reform banquet last evening, gloating over the defeat of William McKinley, jr., was a spectacle for gods and men. Pharisee that he is he as-cribed Mr. McKinley's defeat to the workings of the sacred cause of tariff reform, although fully aware that it was only by an infamous gerrymander, by placing Mr. McKinley in a district that was Democratic by 3,000 majority and by putting a millionaire against him that the Ohio Democrata were able to defeat the little Napoleon of protection by a few hundred votes. Hopes Crushed.

Boston Transcript. To-morrow all over the United States thousands will hold in their hands big envelopes, murmuring, "A check, I think! A stock certificate, I hope! A Christmas card, by Jingo!"

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